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T H E

# CRISIS.

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N U M B E R XLVI. *To be continued Weekly.*

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SATURDAY, DECEM. 2, 1775. [Price Two Pence Half-penny.]

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Go on vile Prince by lawless strides, and try  
How soon your Crown will fade, your Empire die.  
By your base arts, AMERICA shall RISE,  
The name of *Slave* and *George* alike despise.  
Great Britain's sons, will fight in freedom's cause,  
And gladly bleed, to save their rights and laws.

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## TO THE KING.

S I R,



VERY age has produced Heroes and Politicians, and every age has produced COWARDS and TYRANTS; among the latter, succeeding generations will rank you the first; they will read with horror and detestation, the annals of your reign (for you and your ministers, like *Cataline* and his accomplices, seem to have drank a cup of HUMAN BLOOD, as a pledge of your UNION) the faithful Historian will paint you in your true colours, as a weak, wicked, insidious Prince, enflamed with rage, and with an impious and daring hand, overturning every thing held sacred amongst men, and destroying with unceasing fury, the natural rights of mankind, and the constitutions of Empires.

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He will represent you at the head of a bribed, corrupt, abandoned, hellish Parliament, and a diabolical House of Lords, pursuing measures, and framing laws (under all the forms of a constitution once held sacred) equally unjust, cruel, and bloody; laws designed for the horrid purpose of destroying, or enslaving mankind; laws which none but those who possess the qualities of a Demon could suggest; and laws which none but parricides and Tyrants, could either assent to, or carry into execution.

He will represent you with a groupe of robbers and murderers, cowards and traitors, always round your throne, whose ruinous and destructive advice you implicitly followed, contrary to the general sense of the Nation, and sent FAMINE, FIRE, and SWORD, into every part of the Empire, where your lawless will, and arbitrary mandates were not obeyed; that you violated all the laws of God and man, of nature and nations, and made a cruel and unprovoked war upon your country and people; laid towns in ashes, depopulated whole provinces, slaughtered indiscriminately and without mercy, men, women, and children, by means of an army of foreign and domestic mercenaries, and involved in all the dreadful calamities of CIVIL WAR, more than THREE MILLIONS of innocent people; that your most solemn promises were calculated to deceive, that your *Coronation Oath* could not bind you, and that the sanctity of religion was made a cloak for the greatest iniquities, to this black catalogue of crimes; he will add the crying sins of ingratitude, treachery, and baseness. He will declare you broke, outrageously broke, every tie, that could bind a human soul; honour, virtue, religion, law, trust, humanity, and every thing that is sacred amongst men; that you was chosen first magistrate over a brave and free people; greatly honoured and supported in all the pomp of regal state, and trusted by them, with the military and naval force of the kingdom, and the executive power of the laws; that all this power and credit, and all those forces by sea and land, you turned, ungratefully, barbarously, and traiterously, against the people your masters, and made, or wanted to make, a prey of them, with their own money and arms.

Reflect, Sir. in time, resolve at once to alter your conduct, and it is possible you may yet redeem your character; a system of tyranny and blood seldom succeeds, and when it does, it always proves fatal, not only to the Tyrant, but to his race; of this we have many instances,



ces, not only in the *Roman* and *Grecian* history, but in our own; it is true you may now go great lengths, with the assistance of those arch-traitors *Bute* and *Mansfield*, and the *Officers* of the *Devonshire Militia* who have addressed you for that purpose; but, Sir, you will certainly meet with some opposition in England, though I fear, not with so severe a *chastisement* as you have *already* met with from our brave and virtuous brethren in AMERICA, who equally despise your *power* and your *chains*. Indeed your savage mercenaries, *next spring*, by Lord North's account, are to do wonders, and that old lecher *Sandwich*, your first Lord of the Admiralty, who is remarkable for not speaking *truth*, has confirmed his assertions; this is one of the most ruinous and villainous plans that has disgraced the present reign; ruinous, because it will for ever separate the Colonies from Britain, and deprive England at once, of the whole commerce of America, and one half of her natural strength, besides making the Americans our rivals in *trade* as well as *empire*; villainous, for it has its foundation in *felony*, because it is done with no other view or design, but that of robbing the people of England of their money, as ten times the number of Foreign *Slaves*, more than what is, or may be proposed, will never answer any good purpose, it is impossible for them to fight with success, against FREE-MEN and BRITONS; this, Sir, both you and your Ministers are convinced of, but when you have fixed upon a scheme of *Blood* and *Plunder*, it is never given up. Next year, Sir, you may possibly find yourself, your Ministers, your Generals, and your Soldiers, not crowned with *laurels* and *victory*, but covered with *disgrace* and *infamy*.

The *Americans*, Sir, whom you have by cruelty and oppression forced into arms, to defend their lives, their liberties, their property, their wives, and children, are fired with the noblest of views, the love of FREEDOM and their COUNTRY; they will fight with an ardour unknown to *slaves*, and conquer whilst justice and Heaven is on their side, ten thousand legion of mercenary men. They know, Sir, what the people of England seem to have forgot, that if all the privileges and impunity belonging to a just Prince, who protects his people, and rules himself and them by *law*, and their own *consent*, do also belong to a public oppressor, *scourge*, *executitner*, and *plunderer*, then these blessed consequences follow; that there is an utter end of all public and private right and wrong, every King may be a Tyrant, and every Tyrant a just magistrate; if it is *unlawful* to resist the greatest human evil, the necessary means of SELF-PRESERVATION, are *unlawful*;  
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and though it is lawful to destroy *little* robbers, who have as *much* right, and *more* innocence, than great ones; yet it is *impious* and *unlawful* to oppose *great* robbers, who, out of lust, avarice, revenge, rage, cruelty, or wantonness, take away liberty, life, and property, and destroy nations at pleasure: That real, great, and general mischief, is defended by giving it a good name, by which he who commits it is protected; violence, fraud, and oppression, may be committed with security, if they be but called *Magistracy*; and the execrable authors of them are not only *safe*, but *safe*, if they be but called *Magistrates*. Though it is unlawful to be a public *destroyer and murderer*, yet it is unlawful to destroy him, or his instruments; that is, it is unlawful to prevent or punish that which is most impious and unlawful; and, finally, that any man who can oppress and enslave the world, and destroy nations, may do all this with *impunity*.

The AMERICANS, Sir, know, and they are determined to let *you* know, that is the most wicked and absurd position, to assert, that a whole people can ever be in such a situation, as not to have a RIGHT to *defend and preserve* themselves, when there is no other power in being to *protect and defend* them; and much more, that they must not oppose a TYRANT, a TRAITOR, an universal ROBBER, who, by violence, treachery, rapine, infinite murders, and devastations, has deprived them of their legal protection.

It was, Sir, a known maxim of liberty amongst the great, the wise, the free ancients, (which the *Americans* seem well acquainted with) that a TYRANT was a beast of prey, which might be killed by the *spear*, as well as by a fair chase, in his *court* as well as in his *camp*, that every man had a right to destroy *one*, who would destroy *all men*; that no *law* ought to be given him, who took away *all law*; and that, like *Hercules's* monsters, it was glorious to rid the world of him, when ever, and by what means soever, it could be done.

If we read, Sir, the stories of the most celebrated heroes of antiquity (men of whom but very few of the present generation are worthy) and consider the actions that gained them their highest reverence and renown, and recommend their names to posterity with the most advantage; we shall find those in the first rank of glory, who have resisted, destroyed, or expelled Tyrants and Usurpers,

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the pests, the burthens, and the butchers of mankind. What, Sir, can be more meritorious, what more godlike and beneficent to the world, than the saving *millions* of men at the expence of one GRAND MURDERER, one merciless and universal plunderer? And can there be any better or juster reason given for the opposing, nay, killing of a Tyrant and his Instruments, than that of preserving the *innocent*? Indeed an action so great, glorious, and advantageous to mankind, is highly noble and praise-worthy; and can never be censured, but by abject flatterers, and servile creatures of power, who are always ready to sanctify and abet, any, the most enormous wickedness in Kings, whilst it is attended with *profit* to themselves.

By the maxim, Sir, before mentioned, and the first law of nature, self-preservation, the *Americans* are determined to act. They have likewise on their side, the spirit of the British Constitution, and of those laws of liberty which have subsisted for many hundred years.

They have already shewn a firmness, intrepidity, and bravery, in the cause of FREEDOM and their COUNTRY, against the *tyranny and oppression* of your MAJESTY, and your Ministers, which have already gained them the love, esteem, and admiration, of all just and good men throughout the world. They are, Sir, the open and declared enemies to TYRANNY, and all the artful shackles of a TYRANT, your ridiculous scheme of sending Commissioners to America, to treat with the brave, virtuous, and godlike Americans, whilst the sword is at their throats, is futile and absurd, and will be treated by them with the contempt and detestation it deserves; the deception and artifice is too thinly disguised not to be seen. They will act, Sir, to your cost, like Britons of old, they have, and will, prefer *death* to *slavery*? It is a true British spirit, that scorns an ignominious life, held at the mercy of a TYRANT, or to flatter his villainy and abet his TYRANNY; a spirit which those who want it can never admire.

Never, Sir, will eloquence, with all its pomp, never will the greatest genius be able to express the *grandeur* of your exploits, much less to add the least lustre to them, by the manner of relating them. I dare, however affirm, that among the many illustrious actions of GEORGE the THIRD, none will be more glorious, than those in *America*. I  
often



often reflect, and find a real pleasure in publishing, that the noble actions of our most celebrated Generals, those of the most renowned Princes, or of the most warlike nations, cannot be compared with *yours*; whether we consider the *greatness* of wars, the *multitude* of battles, the *different countries*, the *rapidity* of conquests, or *diversity* of enterprises. By *your* victories, you have subdued a great number of regions, vastly distant from one another, and these you conquered as *expeditiously*, as another would have travelled through them. And I should be void of all sense not to own, that such exploits are almost superior to any idea we can form to ourselves of them. The advantage of *commodious posts*, and *encampments*, the assistance of allies, naval forces, and *seasonable* convoys, contribute very much to victory. But in this war, you have no companion, no competitor to dispute glory with you; how *bright*, how *august* soever it be, (*and nothing can be more so*) tis all *your own*. Fortune herself, that haughty disposer of human events, cannot rob *you* of the least part of that *honour*; she yields it intirely to *you*, and acknowledges it wholly *yours*; for *temerity* and *chance*, are never found where WISDOM and PRUDENCE preside.

Your *conquests*, Sir, will be read in our annals, and those of almost all nations; nor will they be forgot by the latest posterity. But when we read or hear of relations of wars and battles, it so happens, I know not how, that the admiration they excite, is in some measure interrupted by the tumultuous cries of *orphans* and *widows*, and the universal cry of unprovoked *murder* and *massacre*. But you, Sir, whom we have the happiness to see; you whose *heart*, whose very *soul* we *know*; you who have no designs, but such as tend to *preserve* the common-wealth, at least as *much* as has escaped the *rage* of war; what *praises* shall we pay you? What *zeal* and *respect* shall we shew you; the whole kingdom is sensible of your generosity; even the walls of *St. Stephen*, express their joy for the design you have of restoring the nation to its ancient SPLENDOR and AUTHORITY.

\* \* \* On Monday last, at noon, was published, (*Price Two-pence Half-penny*) the SPIRITED PROTEST of the minority Lords, and his Grace the Duke of Manchester's animated speech, against an address to the King, and taking foreign troops into the pay of Great Britain, without consent of parliament.

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